THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 26, 1800.

Kotzebue's Preface to his Narrative entitled "My Flight to Paris," written ſoon after the Death of his Wife.

DEAREST READER,

I DO not pretend to conſider this little work as likely to be uſeful; perhaps it may not be even entertaining. I write it to ſooth the anguiſh of my ſoul—I write it in the moſt wretched moments of my life. The loſs of a wife whom I loved inexpreſſibly, drove me forth into the wide world. I fled the place where my repoſe was buried for ever—whence angels had claimed a ſiſter's preſence among themſelves. Ah! the place I could fly, but the image of my Frederica followed me every where, and only in death, when I ſhall preſs the original again to my boſom, will it forſake me.

'Tis become a matter of indiſpenſible neceſſity to my heart to be always talking or writing of her. The hope of allaying my anguiſh has placed the pen in my hand—but the form of my beloved wife hovers over the paper; I know not what I ſhall write, yet I ſee plainly it will be only of her.

Ye, who have hearts capable of ſympathy!—Ye, who have ſometimes dropped a tear at the repreſentation of my dramas! if ever I acquired merit in your eyes, reward it by weeping with me for my beloved Frederica!—Or at leaſt ſpare your cenſures if you take this book into your hands, and perhaps do not find in it what you ſeek. Indulge me with writing of her!—ſpurn me not if even the remoteſt object ſtill brings me inſenſibly to her!—Heaven preſerve ye all from

experiencing a like affliction! yet if ever a ſimilar fate ſhould be your's, ye ſhall not intreat my compaſſion in vain.

Every huſband who at this moment ſtill poſſeſſes his beloved wife, who can ſtill claſp her affectionately to his boſom, when he reads this and thanks God for the bleſſing yet ſpared him, I aſk not tears of him—yet even he may ſurely pity me! —But ye, whom a ſimilarity of fate draws nearer to me! ye who have loſt a huſband or wife, who are not yet forgotten, let us weep together! we are brethren! To ſuch I make no excuſe for writing a book ſolely for myſelf and a few friends, a book to relieve a wounded heart.

I will at ſome time erect the faireſt monument I can to my Frederica, but not here!—At preſent I am unequal to the taſk. When my mind is ſomewhat more compoſed, I will write the hiſtory of our love and of our marriage. What a moment will it be for ſuch a heart as her's when I draw aſide the veil that modeſty threw over all her virtues—Oh, ſhe was ſo truly, ſo inexpreſſibly good, not from cold reaſoning and principle, but from the overflowings of a warm and affectionate heart! Her feelings were always noble, for there was not a place in her boſom that could harbour an ignoble thought. Her heart and hand were ever open to the relief of diſtreſs; ſhe gave freely, and always as one human being ſhould give to another, as though it had been to a brother or a ſiſter.

It was only laſt ſpring that on the firſt of April I indulged myſelf in a joke, which ended in ſtill farther proving her benevolence. I wrote her an ill-ſpelt, illiterate letter, as from a poor widow living in a remote part of the town, with two half-naked children, and no bed to lie on, and who, having heard of her goodneſs, implored her aſſiſtance. The day was cold and windy, yet my Frederica ordered the carriage to be got ready immediately, and looking out ſome clothes and linen, ſet off for the place. I had run thither before;—I ſaw the carriage coming, but as it drew up to a houſe in the ſuburbs, I began to be afraid my trick was diſcovered. Oh no! ſhe only ſtopped to buy ſome rolls for the hungry children, and with theſe, her bundle of linen, and two roubles in her hand, ſhe proceeded to the houſe pointed out, where I met her. She was leſs angry at my boyiſh levity, than concerned that ſhe was diſappointed at doing a good action. Yet in the eyes of God it was performed!—Oh never will the firſt of April return without bringing tears into my eyes!—And this was only one inſtance out of ten-thouſand!—Such a wife I have poſſeſſed! ſuch a wife I have loſt!

You,

You, my cheriſhed friends and acquaintance! You, to whom I have been able to write nothing but my wife is dead! You will receive this book with candour and kindneſs, ſince it will tell you what, and where I have been, ever ſince fate, while it ſpared my life, robbed me of all that made life valuable!—Alas! I once thought that I had loſt my greateſt treaſure when I loſt my health!—Oh how was I miſtaken! Even in the horrible winter of 1788, when I laboured under ſuch ſevere bodily ſuffering, ſtill with my Frederica by my ſide I taſted the ſoothing conſolation of domeſtic joy, not to be purchaſed, by wealth or honours. For my ſake ſhe renounced all company, all diverſions, and conſidered it as no ſacrifice to confine herſelf entirely to my ſick chamber. If then I was but for a few minutes free from anguiſh, how ſerene was my ſoul! how deeply did I feel that all other happineſs is poor and weak when compared with wedded happineſs! One kiſs from my wife, one preſſure of her hand, made even my moſt nauſeous medicines ſweet.

Thus was ſhe my ſole ſupport, when I was loſt to every thing elſe; and now I could again have enjoyed life with her as formerly, now ſhe is no more!—But ſhe was perhaps only a protecting angel ſent to ſave me—her errand is accompliſhed and ſhe is returned to her bleſt abode—yet ſhe ſtill hovers inviſibly over me!—we ſhall one day be re-united!—Oh ſweet ſelf-flattery, forſake me not! in this hope alone can I find a balſam for my wounds.

I know not by what name to call theſe effuſions of my heart. This ſhould be a preface—but what reſemblance does it bear to a preface? No matter! it ſpeaks of my Frederica and my boſom is relieved!

It was my deſign to ſtate to thee, compaſſionate reader, what thou wert to expect in this book. 'Tis a tour to Paris, yet has it no reſemblance to the common maſs of tours, ſince I ſaw nothing but my loſt wife!—ſhe followed me every where!—ſhe then muſt be almoſt my ſole theme!

Yes, I was for a while an inhabitant of Paris, but of Paris I knew very little. The principal occurrences during my ſtay there, I have noted down in the form of a journal. This employment has ſoothed my wounded mind; it has enabled me to ſhed tears, when my ſoul wanted ſuch relief. When I thought that beneficent ſource exhauſted, I ſat down to write, and it flowed again. My object is attained! my deſpair has ſubſided into a calm and gentle ſorrow!

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

Paris, January 1, 1791.

Intereſting Particulars relative to Japan, by M. Titſingh, late Ambaſſador to the Emperors of China and Japan.

(Concluded from Page 385.)

OF the different orders of the ſtate in Japan that of the ſoldier is the firſt and the moſt eſteemed. Next in honour to the ſoldier ranks the agriculturiſt. The occupation of a merchant is even deſpiſed. The Emperor enjoys in this empire an excluſive monopoly; he alone carries on all trade, and receives all the profits ariſing from it. The foreign commerce, however, is not ſo conſiderable as might be expected; for the ſoil of Japan is ſufficiently fertile to produce in abundance almoſt all the neceſſaries of life; and whatever is wanting is imported from China in exchange for the ſkins of ſea-otters and blue foxes. The Dutch ſupply the Japaneſe with articles of luxury, which are bought only by the rich. They ſend for this purpoſe annually one, two, and but very rarely three, ſhips laden with ſuch European goods as are in requeſt in Japan, and which had been commiſſioned the preceding year: as ſoon as theſe ſhips arrive at Nangaſaki, they are unloaded by Japaneſe, and the cargo depoſited at the Emperor's expence in the public magazines. The accounts being ſettled, and an eſtimation made of the value of the goods, the Dutch ſhips are immediately freighted with a cargo of the produce of the country, and ſet ſail homewards.

On this occaſion the Dutch every year ſend, and that only for that year, an envoy to the imperial court, who is there entertained at the Emperor's expence, and enjoys all the honours and diſtinction of a man who has an annual income of 10,000 *kopans*. And other Dutchmen alſo reſide whole years in Japan; ſome even ſettle there for life, form good acquaintances, and are well received at court. The Dutch are the only European nation which can boaſt of theſe privileges; the intercourſe with them is become habitual, and even almoſt indiſpenſable, to the Japaneſe. Of the languages of Europe, the Dutch is likewiſe the only one which the natives of Japan underſtand, and partly even ſpeak. For theſe reaſons, it will not be eaſy for any other commercial nation to gain a footing there; as the Dutch would not fail to employ ſome of the numerous means, which are at their command, to rid themſelves of intruders and competitors: Titſingh indeed aſſured our author, that the Dutch derived but little advantage from their trade with Japan; but it is probable,

bable, that he here ſpoke as a Dutchman, who, by his office and duty, was bound to watch over, and promote the intereſts of his country. According to his aſſertion, the only articles on which his countrymen gain, are copper and camphor: the firſt of theſe is furniſhed ſolely by the Emperor, who, as it would ſeem, loſes by it. The *taël* of camphor coſts him about 25 *kopans**, and yet he ſells it to the Dutch Eaſt-India Company at the low price of 4 *kopans*. But then, to indemnify and reimburſe him for ſo diſadvantageous a traffic, he receives the European articles of merchandize much below their real value.

Titſingh once tried to prove to the Emperor, how inequitable this manner of dealing was; he endeavoured to demonſtrate, that it would conduce to the advantage of both, if each of the contracting parties paid the uſual market-price. But he preached to deaf ears, and received this anſwer: "So for a long time has it been; and ſo ſhall it remain." In the year 1772, however, he had the good fortune by his prudent management to procure a conſiderable advantage for his employers, and to raiſe the price of the goods imported from fifty to a hundred, at which rate they are purchaſed to this hour. He conjectured (or perhaps knew) that, on account of the war, the government of Batavia would not ſend that year any ſhips to Japan with the cuſtomary cargo. This circumſtance Titſingh had the addreſs to turn to the advantage of the Eaſt-India Company. He declared to the Emperor, that his countrymen had determined entirely to relinquiſh a traffic ſo unproductive, and at the ſame time ſo expenſive. Chance here favoured him, and ſeemed to confirm the declaration he had hazarded; for no Dutch ſhip that year entered the port of Nangaſaki. This induced the Emperor of his own accord to raiſe in the manner above-mentioned the price of the goods imported by the Dutch. As the Emperor reimburſes himſelf by raiſing the price in a like proportion on the conſumer, and ſtill gains from 5 to 600 per cent. on foreign commodities, he is no great loſer on the whole: but this has occaſioned a great increaſe of ſmuggling, by which the Dutch officers and ſailors acquire conſiderable ſums.

One of the moſt productive articles for the Japaneſe market was diſcovered by accident. The ſurgeon of a Dutch ſhip brought with him to Nangaſaki the horn of a ſea-unicorn with no other view than merely as an object of curioſity.

As

* The collective name of a Japaneſe coin eſtimated to be equivalent to 30 francs.

As ſoon as the Japaneſe ſaw it, they offered a very high price for it. The cunning ſon of Æſculapius ſecretly inquired to what uſe they applied this ſo highly prized commodity; then ſawed his horn into ſeveral equal parts weighing one pound, and ſold each of them at the rate of 100 *kopans*. This having excited in others a wiſh to enrich themſelves in the ſame manner, they procured ſimilar horns from Europe; and by their competition greatly lowered the price, which is however ſtill very conſiderable; as the Japaneſe conſume great quantities of this article, from which they prepare the above-mentioned antidotal powder againſt ebriety. Of the manner of preparing it Titſingh either could not, or would not, give any information; neither did he know, whether the horn of the ſea-unicorn be as effectual an antidote againſt the effects of the intoxicating liquors uſually drunken in Europe. If no other ingredient be uſed in the compoſition of the powder, experiments might eaſily be made to clear up all doubt relative to this circumſtance.

Only one or two gold mines are worked in Japan; but then theſe are very rich and productive, yielding pieces of pure gold of the ſize of a horſe's head. In this ſtate the gold is dug out of the ground, and, without undergoing any further proceſs or purification, tranſported to a ſtrong caſtle, where it is preſerved in ſubterraneous vaults, till troubleſome times render the coining of it neceſſary. Titſingh poſſeſſes ſo complete a collection of Japaneſe coins, that they reach back to the commencement of the preſent epoch, *i. e.* 600 years before the birth of Chriſt. He poſſeſſes ſome, which he believes to be ſtill more ancient; they are all of gold or copper; for ſilver is in Japan conſidered only as an article of commerce. The largeſt coin in his collection is of an oval form, about 6 inches long, 3½ broad, and 2 lines in thickneſs, and milled on the edges like our European coins. It conſiſts of the pureſt gold, and Titſingh eſtimates its intrinſic value at about 300 *francs*. There are other more ancient coins in Japan of ſo great rarity, that they are purchaſed by *amateurs* at the high price of from 4 to 500 *kopans*. Titſingh poſſeſſes ſeveral of theſe, and likewiſe another curioſity relative hereto, viz. a large Japaneſe book, in which all the coins from the time of the firſt *Daïri* are repreſented. In his copy a Dutch tranſlation and ſeveral intereſting remarks, very beautifully written by the hand of the father-in-law of the Emperor himſelf, are adjoined to each article.

Titſingh's collection of Japaneſe curioſities may ſerve to give us an idea of the degree of perfection which arts and

ſciences have attained in Japan. To this collection, among others, belongs a botanical work in two large volumes, excellently bound, ornamented on the covers with mother-of-pearl and tortoiſe-ſhell, and incloſed in a caſe of precious wood. Each leaf (of the moſt beautiful ſilk-paper) contains the figures of ſeveral plants of different kinds, coloured after nature. Stalks, flowers, fruits, roots, and, in ſhort, every thing to the minuteſt fibres, are painted with ſuch ſkill, and ſo naturally repreſented, that one is tempted to touch them to prove, whether the plants themſelves be not cemented to the paper. Under each plant is an inſcription beautifully written, indicating its name and properties. The whole was executed by a Japaneſe lady, the wife of the Emperor's firſt phyſician, who made a preſent of it to the preſent poſſeſſor. The plants, however, are not arranged according t any ſyſtem we are acquainted with; and the parts of fructification of all are not repreſented, but only of ſuch where the poſition of the plants rendered them apparent: but there are no repreſentations and magnified figures of the ſeparate ſexual parts.

Another of his curioſities is a very large map of the three Japaneſe iſlands, which, and eſpecially the ſecond, are of greater extent than we uſually aſſign to them, and whoſe coaſts have not quite the ſame direction as on our maps. The chief points of the iſlands are laid down according to the ſame principles as our European. The different provinces are diſtinguiſhed by a different colouring, and the names thereof, and of the chief places, are inſerted below, with numbers referring to the map, and to a circumſtantial deſcription, which is likewiſe in the poſſeſſion of Titſingh. This map was drawn by the natives of Japan.

A third curioſity is a plan of the city of Nangaſaki and its environs, ſo well laid down and finiſhed by an engineer in the ſervice of the Emperor of Japan, that no European could make it better.

Titſingh likewiſe poſſeſſes an illumined repreſentation of a volcano, by whoſe laſt eruption more than three hundred thouſand human beings loſt their lives. The picture of the eruption has been very happily executed by the Japaneſe artiſt. Between the flames on the middle declivity of the mountain a caſtle is ſeen, which has ſuffered as little as its immediately adjoining vicinity, which is ſtill covered with green trees.

Even admitting that the diſtinguiſhed favour he enjoyed at the Emperor's court, and his long reſidence in the country,

may,

may, perhaps, have too much prepoſſeſſed Titſingh in favour of Japan; yet, the appearance of his work cannot but be expected with impatience. Criticiſm will then ſeparate from it whatever cannot ſtand the teſt, and the intelligent will find in it freſh materials to remove the obſcurity which ſtill envelopes that empire, our knowledge of which is ſtill ſo limited.

Deſcription of the Mountain and Grotto of Pauſilypo, and the Sepulchre of Virgil, &c.

By R. Freebairn, Landſcape Painter.

MOUNT Pauſilypo is ſituated in the neighbourhood of Naples, and forms part of the Bay. It is richly diverſified with vineyards and gardens, and its banks ornamented with palaces and villas belonging to the nobility and other opulent inhabitants of that city. From the ſummit of this promontary the view becomes extremely intereſting, by the varied objects which compoſe the vaſt amphitheatre. Veſuvius, on the oppoſite ſhore, affords a moſt magnificent appearance; and although more than ſix miles diſtant, the ſerenity of the atmoſphere is ſuch, that every object is ſeen delineated with the moſt perfect preciſion. This mountain abounds in vineyards, from which excellent wines are made, and particularly that which is known by the name of *Lachrymæ Chriſti*. The heat produced by the ſubterraneous fire, and the peculiar form of Veſuvius, much expoſed to the rays of the ſun, it is conjectured are the cauſes that the grape acquires that delicious flavour for which it is ſo juſtly eſteemed.

The numerous torrents of lava which have at diſtant periods rolled down the ſides of this beautiful mountain, producing ſuch devaſtation among its ſylvan ſcenery, and deſtroying many cities with their inhabitants, are, notwithſtanding, to this day remarkable for their uncommon fertility. In oppoſition to thoſe dreadful remains of volcanic eruptions, a pleaſing contraſt is felt in viewing the many chearful towns and villas of the nobility, which at preſent ornament this ſpot. Such ſcenes, decorated with trees in full luxuriance, with extenſive vineyards, and gardens that produce an exuberance of the moſt delicious fruits, give riſe to a combination of ideas in the mind, which cannot eaſily be deſcribed.

The celebrated grotto of Pauſilypo is an excavation of conſiderable magnitude, cut through a mountain of that name for the more convenient paſſage from Naples to Pozzuoli, Baiæ, Cuma, &c. By many of the ſuperſtitious inhabitants this ſubterraneous paſſage is thought to have been effected by the magic powers of Virgil.

Among many of the Neapolitans, this rare genius is held in higher eſtimation for his ſuppoſed knowledge in necromancy, than for the honour he has acquired in producing the Æneid. On the brow of this mount, and near to the grotto, are yet to be ſeen the ruins of Virgil's tomb; it is inconſiderable in magnitude, but the ſituation is delightful; the exterior form is circular, the inſide a ſquare chamber with niches, and had formerly been arched over.

The entrance into the Pauſilypan grotto is ſingularly grand; a vaſt arch of conſiderable height, cut through the ſolid rock, is ſufficiently wide to admit of two carriages to paſs with the utmoſt convenience. The road is perfectly flat and well paved. Toward the centre the arch is much lower; and as it is extremely dark, a ſmall chapel is erected about mid-way, and conſtantly attended by a hermit, who keeps a light continually burning. There are, alſo, two apertures cut obliquely through the roof of the grotto, which admit a glimmering light and freſh air. The excavation through the mountain is above one third of a mile in length.

In paſſing this place at night in a carriage, it is cuſtomary to take torches to prevent accidents; but as many of the Neapolitans do not chooſe to incur this expence, they uſe particular ſigns, which anſwer the purpoſe fully as well.

The moment they enter the grotto, one bawls out as loud as he can, *Alla marino* (to the ſea,) the other at the oppoſite entrance, if within hearing, anſwers with his Cyclopean voice, *Alla montagna* (to the mountain,) at the ſame time driving full ſpeed, and roaring like ſome of Milton's devils. What with the obſcurity of the place, the rattling of the carriage wheels, and the unceaſing din of the Neapolitan drivers, one feels a ſenſation as if approaching the infernal regions.

It is not improbable that this place ſerved originally as a quarry of ſtone to ſupply the building of Naples, and that after penetrating ſome conſiderable way into the mountain, the idea might naturally occur to the inhabitants of making a paſſage entirely through. A convenience of much benefit and utility to the neighbouring cities.

Many Italian authors aſſert, that this ſtupendous undertaking was executed under the direction of the celebrated architect Cocceius, who employed 100,000 men, and completed it in fifteen days. That number would appear to be exaggerated, and it is not eaſy to conceive how ſo many individuals could be occupied in an operation ſo confined. However, it certainly muſt have been a work of great labour and difficulty, as appears from its immenſe magnitude.

Liſt of Preſents to Lord Nelſon for his Services in the Mediterranean, between October, 1798, and October, 1799.

FROM his King and country, a Peerage of Great Britain, and the gold medal.

	£.
From the Parliament of Great Britain, for his own life, and two next heirs, per annum -	2000
From the Parliament of Ireland, not exactly known, but ſuppoſed to be the ſame as given to Earl St. Vincent, and Lord Duncan, per annum -	1000
From the Eaſt India Company - -	10000
From the Turkey Company, a piece of plate of great value.	
From Alexander Davidſon, Eſq. a gold medal.	
From the city of London, a ſword of great value.	
From the Captains who ſerved under his orders in the battle of the Nile, a ſword.	
From the Grand Signior, a diamond aigrette, or plume of triumph, valued at - - -	2000
From the ſame, a rich pelice, valued at -	1000
From the Grand Signior's mother, a roſe ſet with diamonds, valued at - - -	1000
From the Emperor of Ruſſia, a moſt elegant letter, and a box ſet with diamonds, value -	2500
From the King of the Two Sicilies, a moſt elegant and kind letter, and a ſword richly ornamented with diamonds - - -	5000
Alſo the Dukedom of Bronti, with an eſtate ſuppoſed per annum - - -	3000
From the King of Sardinia, a moſt elegant letter, and a box ſet with diamonds - - -	1200

From the iſland of Zante, a gold headed ſword and cane as an acknowledgment, that had it not been for the battle of the Nile, they could not have been liberated from French cruelty.

From the city of Palermo, a gold box and chain, preſented on a ſilver waiter. Alſo the freedom of the city of Palermo, which conſtitutes a Grandee of Spain.

THE SYLPH;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SOPHIA MERTON.

(Concluded from Page 392.)

DURING the very ſingular tranſactions the ſylph has juſt related, Mr. Dorrel arrived in Mellford: He had found the image of Sophia Merton perpetually recurring to his imagination, and reſolved on immediately offering her his hand; but, on coming again to Mellford, was ſurprized to perceive that another cloud of vexation, which he could not develope, hung over her ſpirits. He therefore contented himſelf with paying her great attention during his ſtay, and departed without declaring his ſentiments. Mr. Dorrel however had not left Mellford many miles behind him, ere he determined to fix on ſome method to aſcertain immediately, whether Miſs Merton was or was not diſengaged.

A FRIENDLY CONVERSATION, AND AN ACCEPTED LOVER.

Lucy Vernon came one morning to chat a few hours with her friend, and the converſation falling on the late events reſpecting Sophia's lovers, the following dialogue took place:—

"And you are reſolved, Sophia, not to receive Maxfield when he repents?"

"Certainly I am."

"You have no ſerious thoughts of Everard I preſume?"

"None in the world."

"Pray what do you think of Dorrel? perhaps you have made an impreſſion on his heart."

"Think of Dorrel, Lucy! what ſignifies what I think? I believe he never thinks of me; there are none in my train half ſo pleaſant."

"Tell me ſincerely, Sophia, if Dorrel was to declare himſelf your lover, would you ſacrifice him to Maxfield?"

"Undoubtedly I ſhould not; but what do you mean?"

"That's what I mean; (toſſing her a letter juſt received from Dorrel, in which he begged his friend Miſs Vernon to inform him whether Sophia was at liberty or not;) now what am I to anſwer?"

"Why really, Lucy, I don't know, I cannot ſay; you know, I am not engaged."

"Enough, I am ſatisfied."

Lucy wrote to the anxious Dorrel, and informed him that to her knowledge her friend was diſengaged; and he immediately haſtened to throw himſelf at her feet, and received, with exultation, her permiſſion to conſider himſelf as her lover. Dorrel loſt no time, but applied to the guardians of Miſs Merton for their approbation; and as they accepted his offers, he now viſited Sophia in the character of one who was ſhortly to become her huſband, and ſpent as much time in Mellford as he conveniently could.

The purple winged Auri had perceived that Sophia was partial to Dorrel, and he judged it a proper choice; and as there exiſted many reaſons why a marriage ſo early in life was not imprudent in his ward, he had not oppoſed her partiality; yet he beheld her with ſome regret, exchanging the pleaſures of youth at ſo early a period, for the cares that attend in the train of Hymen: but her faithful ſylph, repreſſing this his regret, prepared the mind of his fair charge for the ſtate ſhe was now ſeriouſly about to enter.

Lucy Vernon was on the eve of becoming a wife alſo, being engaged to a gentleman who had long ſought to gain her affections. The ſteady Abariel, her guardian genius, who had long debated whether he ſhould fix her in a ſingle ſtate, or incline her heart to marriage, had ultimately reſolved on the latter. The lovely Charlotte Preſcott was alſo addreſſed by a lover, who began to be ſucceſsful in his ſuit, and to whom our fair friends, and their admirers, acted as confidants; and the ſweet Maria Danvers was preparing to give her hand, where her heart had long been given. So that the circles of Mellford were threatened with the loſs of four of their reigning belles at the ſame moment; their luſtre however, like that of expiring tapers, was brighteſt at the cloſe, for their lovers, eager to entertain them, were perpetually planning parties for their amuſement; and gave, for a ſhort

time,

time, additional ſpirit to the aſſemblies, routs, and promenades.

AN ILL-TIMED DECLARATION.

A ſhort time before the nuptials of Sophia ſhe was invited to join a large party, who propoſed ſpending an afternoon in ſome delightful public gardens, a few miles diſtant. Mr. Dorrel was not at that time in Mellford, conſequently did not attend. Everard was one of the company, and paid particular attention to Sophia the whole afternoon; he took every opportunity to engage her in converſation as they rambled from walk to walk; and my ward could not but obſerve, that he appeared anxious to ſpeak to her of ſomething which ſeemed to occupy his whole ſoul: and ſhe judged it proper to afford him an opportunity of explaining himſelf, that ſhe might at once let him know ſhe was ſeriouſly engaged to Mr. Dorrel. How ſtrange that Everard, after following Miſs Merton almoſt from her childhood, and loſing ſo many occaſions of declaring his ſentiments, ſhould now, in the midſt of a large company, eagerly ſeek an opportunity of making ſuch a declaration, when her hand was engaged to another! Of this latter circumſtance, however, he perhaps entertained ſome doubts, but the report of her intended marriage having alarmed him, he might have reſolved to know at once whether he could entertain any hopes of ſucceeding in his plans.

Towards the concluſion of the day Everard was ſeated by the ſide of Sophia, in a large circle of the company, the gentleman on her other hand happened to be ſomewhat deaf, and the lady next to him earneſtly engaged in converſation. It was this moment which Everard choſe to declare to my ward, in poſitive terms, his attachment and his love, and to make her an offer of his heart. He was ſure, he obſerved, that his affection could not have been unobſerved by her; had ſhe ever ſeen him behave in a ſimilar manner to any other lady? Sophia replied, that ſhe had never particularly noticed his conduct to other ladies, but was really ſurpriſed any gentleman ſhould think of addreſſing ſuch a declaration as he had juſt made, to a perſon in the predicament in which ſhe ſtood. "What predicament?" he aſked, "With reſpect to Mr. Dorrel," was her anſwer. Chagrin took poſſeſſion of Everard's features; he told her he knew not ſhe was engaged; the world had talked of ſeveral lovers; he was ignorant of her accepting Mr. Dorrel, &c. But his mind being now worked up to a very high pitch of vexation, he added, he

ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed ſhe would relate what had paſſed to that gentleman; if ſhe ſo pleaſed, he himſelf was ready to abide every conſequence. My ward, angry at the ſuppoſition that ſhe could think of involving two men, who profeſſed to love her, in a quarrel, only replied, with an air of diſpleaſure, Was it poſſible he thought her capable of ſuch conduct?

The party ſoon after broke up, and Everard attended Sophia to the carriage, muttering, in a low voice, his unhappineſs and chagrin; and then mounting his horſe, returned to Mellford, heartily vexed at the manner in which his ſchemes with reſpect to Sophia Merton had concluded.

A MARRIAGE.

Miſs Merton having completed her nineteenth year, ſoon after gave her hand to Mr. Dorrel, and removed to a ſituation far diſtant from Mellford, and all the ſcenes of the foregoing hiſtory. The faithful Auri attended her to the altar of Hymen, and then reſigned his charge to the ſtern Zerubal, appointed to be her guide through the thorny paths ſhe was about to enter; then, returning to the ærial palace of the chief of his race, gave an account of his guardianſhip, and received his commands for new cares in the ſervice of the fair.

CONCLUSION.

And now, my ſweet pupils, Auri has compleated the taſk he impoſed on himſelf at the commencement of this work. The chill winds of winter have twice exhauſted their fury on the earth, ſpring has peeped forth with ſmiles, ſummer has enlivened all nature, and autumn reminded the fair of declining life ſince his recital was begun. You have found in it no romantic ſentiments, or incidents of ſingular improbability, but it has deſcribed to you real character, nature, and truth. If you have reaped from the labours of the ſylph ſome innocent amuſement, and even a ſmall degree of inſtruction, the end for which it was written has been anſwered. Farewell!

On the HISTORICAL ORIGIN *of the* FEAST *of* PURIM.

THE Jewiſh feaſt of Purim was ſo named (we are told, Eſther ix. 26,) from the word *pur*, a lot, and ſignifies the feaſt of lots; a derivation not very ſatisfactory. It was celebrated yearly on the 14th and 15th Adar (ix. 21,) that is,

in the beginning of March. The book of Eſther was then read aloud in the ſynagogues; and, at the mention of Haman's name, the audience* uſually expreſſed their abhorrence, by ſtriking with their hands on the benches and boards. After this act of worſhip, the viands of hoſpitality were diſtributed. From the whole ritual it may be inferred, that the later Jews derived their notions of this feſtival merely from the book of Eſther.

From the ninth chapter of this book, it appears (ver. 1—6,) that on the 13th Adar the Jews, by order of the King of Perſia, gathered together in the cities throughout all the provinces of the empire, to lay hands on ſuch as ſought their hurt; that no man could withſtand them, as all the rulers of the provinces, the lieutenants, deputies, and officers of the King, helped the Jews; that the Jews ſmote all their enemies with the ſtroke of the ſword, and ſlaughter, and deſtruction; and that in Shuſhan alone the Jews ſlew and deſtroyed five hundred men. This feſtival then was the annual commemoration of ſome extenſive maſſacre patronized by the ſovereign of Perſia.

Uſher ſuppoſes that this Perſian ſovereign, this Ahaſuerus, was Darius the ſon of Hyſtaſpes; which is the more probable, as Darius in fact divorced his firſt wife, the daughter of Gobryas (Herodot. Polymnia, 2,) in favour of Aroſſa or Hadaſſah, the daughter of Cyrus, and the mother of Xerxes, to whom perhaps Eſther (ii. v. 7,) was nurſe or handmaid. Now Darius alone, of all the Perſian Kings, was, in fact, the author of a very extenſive maſſacre (Thalia 79,) and ſolemnly ordained its yearly celebration.

Darius I. is called Ahaſuerus alſo in Ezra (iv. 6,) by a patronymic (Daniel ix. 1) metonomy. So Haman is marſhalled (Eſther i. 14,) by the name Amadath or Adratha, which was (iii. 1) his father's name. The Intaphernes of Grecian is probably the Haman of the Jewiſh hiſtory. Early in the reign of Darius, and under a pretext of violating the King's domeſtic privacy, Intaphernes, with all his ſons, were put to death (Herodot. Thalia 118 and 119.) Theſe very circumſtances are related of Haman (Eſther vii. 8. and ix. 25.)

The Jews on this very occaſion were on the ſide of power. Arioch, chieftain (Judith i. 6) of the Elamites, a Jewiſh clan (Nehemiah vii. 12,) was intruſted with the execution of this ſevere meaſure (Daniel ii. 14 and 15,) and is known to have been

* Godwin's Moſes and Aaron, p. 138.

been on courteous terms with Daniel, and to have concerted with him (v. 24) various exemptions from the proſcription. The Jews, therefore, were conſulted and employed by Darius, and the other authors of the carnage. The idolatrous prieſthood, often called Chaldeans (Daniel ii. 10, and Herodot. Clio, 181,) but ſometimes Mages, who had encouraged the Babylonians to ſupport the claims firſt of Smerdis, then of ſome younger deſcendant of Cyrus, in oppoſition to Darius, were the chief ſufferers; as the Perſian hiſtorians aſcribe an univerſal perſecution of this prieſtly order under Darius (Univerſal Hiſtory, v. 399,) to the influence of Zerduſht and his ſect, with whoſe opinions thoſe of the Jews were evidently in a natural alliance. The quarrels of the fire-worſhippers and idolaters in Perſia cloſely reſembled thoſe of the Monotheiſts and Polytheiſts under the Kings of Iſrael and Judah.

The Magophonia, therefore, (for ſo Herodotus calls this deed of blood,) is the event commemorated by the Jews in their yearly feaſt of Purim.

SKETCH *of the* CHARACTER *of* KING ALFRED.

ALFRED was one of the moſt remarkable men recorded in the hiſtory of the world. Learned in an unlettered age; humane and compaſſionate amidſt the din of arms; a hero of matchleſs courage, yet willing rather to narrow than ambitious to extend his power; temperate, mild, and juſt, when theſe virtues had ſcarcely a name among his contemporaries—Alfred ſtands recorded as the inſtructor of his age and country, and the friend of the human race.

When all men were ready from the hiſtory of early times, to conclude that the virtues dwelt not with princes, ſhe commanded the exiſtence of an Alfred, and a pleaſing aſtoniſhment ſeized every mind.

The formation of ſuch a character as Alfred, in ſuch times, and under ſuch circumſtances as thoſe were in which he lived, is a ſingular and ſtriking phænomenon, which we recommend to the ſtudy of thoſe who maintain that man is compoſed of paſſive atoms, which ſimply receive the impreſſion, and obey the impulſe of the matter which ſurrounds them.

PROPER TREATMENT *of* FRENCH HYPOCRISY.

A Chineſe Mandarin paid a viſit to a friend at Paris, at the time when Paris was conſidered as the ſeat of politeneſs. His well bred hoſt, on the firſt evening of his arrival, gave him a handſome ſupper, lodged him in the beſt bed-chamber, and when he wiſhed him a good night, amongſt other civil things, ſaid he hoped the Mandarin would, during his ſtay at Paris, conſider that houſe *as his own*. Early the next morning the polite Pariſian was awakened by the ſound of loud hammering in the Mandarin's bed-chamber; on entering the room, he found the Mandarin and ſome maſons hard at work, throwing down the walls of his houſe. "You raſcals, are you mad?" exclaimed the Frenchman, to the maſons. "Not at all, my dear friend," replied the Chineſe man, ſoberly. "I ſet the poor fellows to work: This room was too ſmall for my taſte; you ſee I have loſt no time in availing myſelf of your goodneſs. Did not you deſire me to uſe this houſe *as if it were my own*, during my ſtay in Paris?"

Anſwer, by R. Thomas, of Exeter, to P. Ninnis's Charade, inſerted March 10.

SWORD-KNOT's the ornament I ween,
Which in your charade may be ſeen.
God grant the ſword may ſoon be ſheath'd,
And Britons be from war reliev'd!

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, and W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter; J. King, of Kingſbridge; and J. Field, of Staverton.

Anſwer, by a Conſtant Reader, to J. Gidley's Rebus, inſerted March 17.

MALLET's the poet whom your rebus nam'd;
In Engliſh poetry he is well fam'd.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from C. N. of the Royal Miners; W. Harris, jun. P. Gove, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; Juventus, of Truro; and J. Field, of Staverton.

A QUESTION, *by W. W. of Dunſter.*

THE latitude of London is 51° 32′, the lat. of York, 53° 59′ weſt long. 01° 01′, the lat. of Dunſter, 51° 10′ Weſt, long. 3° 55′. Required the diſtance of York and Dunſter from London, and the diſtance of Dunſter from the city of York, admitting the circumference of the earth to be 25,020 miles. Alſo let it be ſuppoſed that Lunardi (when in purſuit of riches and honour in the aerial regions) had aſcended in a balloon from a certain part of the kingdom, equally diſtant from the above mentioned three places, to ſuch a height as juſt to ſee them. It is required to find how far the place was from London, &c. where he took his perpendicular flight; the height of the balloon; the name of the neareſt principal town next to the part he aſcended from; and laſtly, how many ſeconds a heavy body would take in deſcending from the balloon to the earth?

A CHARADE, *by Y. of Phillack.*

MY firſt, charadian gents. muſt be detected,
What after Hymen's bands may be expected;
My ſecond, if you read theſe lines with care
Undoubtedly you'll find a uſeful ſnare;
My whole is a poetic piece, and I'll engage
'Twill ſoon appear in th' Entertainer's page.

A CHARADE, *by R. Withecombe, Jun. of Barnſtaple.*

BEHOLD my firſt at night around
The heavens conſpicuous glare;
And for my next ſearch Neptune's womb,
You'll ſurely find him there.
Theſe parts produce, connect them right,
A well-known bird, kind Sirs, good night.

*** *A correſpondent requeſts Mr. Rennels, of Barnſtaple to anſwer his rebus, inſerted March* 19, 1798, *no anſwer to it having yet been given.*

☞ *Poſtage of letters muſt be paid, or their contents will not be noticed.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Verſes occaſioned by the late melancholy Cataſtrophe, the blowing up of the Queen Charlotte Man of War, a Ship of 110 *Guns, in the Mediterranean, on March* 17, 1800.

WHAT mean thoſe ſhrieks, thoſe direful ſounds of woe
That now aſſail and ſtrike the aſtoniſh'd ear?
From whence proceed thoſe melancholy ſounds,
That fill the heart with ſorrow and deſpair?

Heart-rending ſighs are borne on every gale,
The mournful ſounds re-echo to the land;
The cry of "Fire" now generally prevails,
And gazing multitudes now crowd the ſtrand.

Ah! full to view the awful ſight appears!
The ſhip envelop'd now with ſmoke and fire;
The dreadful blaze increas'd the morning light,
The vivid flames now to the clouds aſpire.

The dreadful ſhrieks of woe alternate reign,
And now exploding ſhells and cannons roar,
Whoſe dire exploſions agitate the main,
The great concuſſion's felt from ſhore to ſhore.

Ah wretched crew! your efforts all are vain
To quench the torrent of augmenting fire;
Alas! it rages with reſiſtleſs force,
And numbers now enwrapp'd with flame expire.

What dreadful pangs muſt the expiring feel!
No more their friends and relatives to view;
No more with joy they'll welcome their return,
Forbid to take the long, the laſt adieu!

Behold what dreadful ſight now opes to view!
The ether blackens with the awful ſcene;
Tremendous thunder ſhakes the wide domain*;
Her hulk is ſunk, and not a wreck is ſeen.

Ill-fated ſhip! which late triumphant bore
The conqueror's flag† unfurl'd acroſs the main;
Thy crew the pride of fam'd Britannia's land,
The ſcourge and dread of Holland, France, and Spain.

Diſaſtrous morn! Oh ever-mournful day!
What horror and confuſion haſt thou ſpread!

The

* Alluding to the exploſion of the magazine.
† She carried the flag of Earl Howe at her mizen.

The helpleſs widow, and the orphan child,
Will mourn the huſband and the father dead!

Still, Britons! ſtill, let generous deeds inſpire
Your hearts, and wipe the tear from miſery's eye;
Aſſuage the ſorrows of each ſuff'rer's mind
By bounteous acts of fadeleſs charity.

Exeter, April 10, 1800. P. GOVE.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Addreſſed to a Lady of Barnſtaple, on her giving a Cordial (almoſt a Panacea) to the Author, which cured him immediately of a Pain in the Stomach.

SO good's your cordial—its effects
So wonderouſly ſure—
One almoſt wiſhes to be ill,
So pleaſing is the cure.

But if, of that you never taſte,
Nor any friend—if well,
May the dear cordial ever reſt,
And in your cloſet dwell!

Swimbridge.

The ORPHANS.

[From Bowles's Coombe Ellen.]

AMIDST the craggs, and ſcarce diſcern'd ſo high,
Hangs here and there a ſheep, by its faint bleat
Diſcover'd, whilſt the aſtoniſh'd eye looks up,
And marks it on the precipice's brink
Pick its ſcant food ſecure: And fares it not
E'en ſo with you, poor orphans, ye who climb
The rugged path of life without a friend?
And over broken craggs bear hardly on,
With pale implering looks, that ſeem to ſay,
"My mother!" ſhe is buried, and at reſt,
Laid in her grave-cloaths; and the heart is ſtill,
The only heart that throughout all the world
Beat anxiouſly for you! Oh! yet beat on;
He who ſuſtains the bleating lamb, ſhall feed
And comfort you: mean time the heaven's pure beam,
That breaks above the ſable mountain's brow,
Lighting, one after one, the ſunleſs craggs,
Awakes the bliſsful confidence, that here,
Or in a world where ſorrow never comes,
All ſhall be well!